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Plymouth, North Carolina, and brought to this city in a glass of alcohol. The thing, for it is without a name, is both entomological and vegetable. When its entomological nature commences, and when its vegetable character has arrived at maturity, its entomological character develops itself, and its vegetable existence disappears. In other words, it is alternately a bird and an insect. It is perhaps about one inch in length and three-fourths of an inch in circumference. It is of a brownish colour, shaped like a wasp, destitute of wings, head similar to a beetle, with two antennæ or horns, has neither its head on either side, a short leg shaped like those of the mole, with broad, serrated extremities, and intended, doubtless, like those of the earth. It has also two posterior legs, the purpose of which shall be seen. When the insect has attained its growth, it disappears beneath the surface of the ground, and dies. Immediately after its death, the two posterior legs just spoken of begin to sprout or vegetate. These two shoots soon appear above the earth, and the insect plant soon attains the height of about six inches. It puts forth branches and leaves resembling trefoil. The extremities of the branches bear a bud, which contains in embryo neither leaves nor flowers, but an insect! As the insect develops itself and grows, it neither falls to the ground, nor returns upon its mother plant, but feeding on its leaves until the plant is exhausted, when the insect returns to earth again, and again the plant shoots forth!

The true nature of this insect plant or vegetable insect—we know not what to call it—is entirely inexplicable to us. It may be surmised that an insect has here associated itself with the seed of a plant, in such manner that they produce and mature each other. Or it may be supposed that nature has invested this specimen of existence, which attributes the nearest possibly assimilated to those of both the vegetable and animal kingdom, yet belonging not exactly to either, but entirely to both. It may seem to be the hinging point at which the animal kingdom merges into the vegetable, and the vegetable into the animal kingdom. It is certainly a wonderful curiosity, and we believe that it is not only entirely unknown to naturalists, but has never before been publicly described.

We understand that a gentleman in Philadelphia, of whom the specimen we saw was procured, is cultivating a quantity of them which he has obtained from North Carolina, for the purpose of furnishing the Museums. In the specimen we saw, the plant had grown about three inches, and the insect was yet preserved in its original and nearly perfect state.

ANTICIPATION OF SPRING.

The Spring is coming—the lively Spring!—
When the heart will rejoice, and the warblers sing,
As nature revives, and resumes her powers
Of sense and life among graceful flowers.
The meads will assume their vernal dress,
And the buskin'd muse upon flowerets press.
The budding groves, and the gentle showers,
Already announce the queen of flowers.
The primrose peeps from her humble dell,
Of her welcome and cheering approach to tell.
The blooming beauties of the green groves sing—
O, how I delight in the lovely Spring!

What lovely flowers will lift their heads,
In a few short days, from their wintry beds.
Young Flora soon, like an eastern bride,
Will spread her train o'er the landscape wide,
And pleasantly smile, as the sylphine hours
Embellish her robes with ambrosial flowers;
While the woodland minstrels around her sing
The glowing beauties of lovely Spring.

From southern climes the goddess roams,
With her presence to grace our island homes:
Her breath is abroad on the western breeze—
Her soft voice whispers among the trees—
Her smile illumines the morning hills—
Her music is heard in the purling rills.

Ye shepherd swains, from your heights repair
To welcome and hail the bright-eyed fair,
With tabor, and lute, and pipe, and reed,
While your innocent flocks on their pastures feed.
O Spring!—poetical, hopeful Spring!—
Thou makest the heart with joy to sing!

J. S. L.

ODE TO AN ELEPHANT.

Lambert of Quadrupeds! I'd fain inquire
The source of thy primeval sire;
But find all sages quarrel on the root
Of thy ancestral tree, thou bulky brute!
Sanconiaton taught, that some old flood,
Retiring, left a generative mud,
Which sunshine ripened into flesh and blood:
Hence sprung, like mushrooms, man and beast,
And elephants among the rest.

Democritus assured us he could trace
The first ingredients of thy race;
And showed how atoms in eternal dance,
Led by the ballet-master, Chance,
Tried many a form, till in a lucky minute
They hit on order, and continued in it.

Spinoza tells us that necessity
Was sire to nature, and begat her,
Before organic life began to be,
By acting on immortal matter;
And elephants, of course, obeyed the laws
Of this inevitable final cause.

But Buffon vows, that plastic wants
Contrived the forms of elephants:
That distance from the soil produced the snout—
By poking, gradually lengthened out;
And tusks were added, when privation
Became sufficing cause for their creation:
Tapires, he swears, are but thy younger brothers—
Born in a newer world—and then supposes
That having felt, as long as others,
The inconvenience of their losses,
They'd be enabled to prolong their noses
Into probosces!

But now the Gnostics of infusion come,
And lo! antiquity is dumb,
Bright with the newest minds' illumination!
They cry, that elephants or oaks are made
By particles combined in light or shade,
And this they name ambiguous generation!
And prove, by microscopic views, that truth
Is still a youth!

Thus theories, like cards, are overthrow—
One tumbles those before it, while, ~~and~~ that
Another presses, and is quickly prone—
Till all are flat!

Such still is reason, when on doubtful wing
She blindly soars, unaided by the Word,
That light around her clouded path can fling,
And bid her own, in nature, nature's Lord!
That Word compels us in thy form to see
The finger of Eternal Deity!

B. B.

A FLYING RAILWAY.

A railway is being made on the New Orleans and Nashville road, (Mr. Renney, the very intelligent engineer of which is now in this country,) which is intended to bear a velocity of sixty miles per hour; and Mr. Stephenson has actually contracted to supply an engine which will perform this with a load of two hundred tons!

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